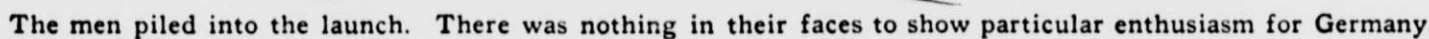


## German Consul in Port of Las Palmas Used Wireless and Crew of Kaiser's Vessel to Transmit Messages to Germany

and even of the ship's crew, was also a German—this, too, is my story. My tale is ended.



Magellan. It was not for me to tread deception on such a man. If there be a brotherhood of the sea I was bound to stand by that. Washington may play golf or give Chautauques and lectures, but they cannot trade with a sense of what is right in the world.

Once more we took leave of the American consular launch which had brought me. Over I went, followed by my baggage at rope's end. Those fine fellows all waved me their good wishes as I railed as they stood there, and then they were gone. I was so miserably to wade me a good way to what might seem easily enough a shorter in the time of crisis. I followed a German lump in my American throat and turned away with a stunted eyes.

Being ashore and having nothing to do for a little while, it being not 3 o'clock, I walked along the main street toward Miller's, and along the interesting ancient world aspect of new wooden buildings sprang up here and there. The natives squatted in that street for hundreds years perhaps, with nothing to do. Life was one long back in the day. After all this was quite as satisfactory way of living, to St. Peter's, whose twenty-four card angels we must some day grow into. A mere shreds require of its some short sojourn in Doris's gallery would be quite as satisfactory as seeing daylight into our fellow men with shrapnel along the French frontier.

I was teasing my mind with strange fancies when sudden a hostile piped from a distance, and I found I had back to the water. It piped again and I remembered it before somewhere. Instead I stopped and waited. Such a sound used to call the watch on the when the bridge waited some done in a hurry—boom! boom! boom!—that had been torn from the green sea. Then I saw a quick up from a red sun, and I caught a faint and a faint content for not having remembered the commanding whistle. He drew clear from his mouth.

"Bates, I wasn't on board when left, but I want you to do this. Don't let a soul on the English don't let a soul in England get out of us here. You understand how?"

That was a little thing for me who owed him a greater service. The small I tried to do, but I could fulfil, but it was done. By my promise. We shook hands, turned back to the Menes launch. I continued on to the Durham Castle launch.

My story is done. What happened on board the Durham Castle, how slipped from Las Palmas under the yellow moon, our inter-communication by British pencil and a memorandum sent in Dover by ship with torpedo boats and boat officers and the faraway light of Calais—all this is another story. My arrival in London and the imprisonment of our German passengers and even of the ship's chief, was also a German—this, too, is a story. My tale is ended.